



a buncha shitty shit i fuck

A COLLECTION OF ASS BY  
JORDAN LEE-TUNG

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MEDIA

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*Garbage incinerator  
Consumator;  
I cum worthless  
I plagiarise misery  
From Here  
To Montreal  
To NYC,  
As follows:*

**HERE**

Ravaged a rabbit hole  
With a big fuckin axe—  
Screwed looking glass halves;  
Smokey crystal  
A magic 8 ball—  
“Seems doubtful;”  
Dusty toybox  
Full of puffy eye pits.

You said, “I wanna fuck you with knives,”  
And fury jumped like dog on prey—  
A youthful fury,  
An envy-inducing fury,  
A pitiful fury  
That snake charms  
Weary giving up-isms  
From gaudy wicker baskets.  
All I got’s, “I’m sorry, stranger,”  
While axe grip tightens  
And forearms start to shake.

# Pounds of Meat

Everybody's somebody's pound of meat;  
Jackhammering liverwurst;  
High fives and drooling chins.

The vial of sad—  
Black and gooey—  
Is perennial.

The only constant is livid living;  
Pounding pounds,  
Tenderized on trains.

The tender midriffs;  
Fangs in city struck flesh,  
Endorphins up to ears—

Everybody's somebody's pound of meat—  
But what of odd numbers?  
Cooking in sun,  
Seasoned in E Coli,  
Recalled for the safety of the public.



# Can't Fucking Sleep

8

Can't fucking sleep

Can't fucking sleep

Can't fucking sleep

Can't fucking sleep

Can't fucking sleep

Kill yourself.

Opus

Opus

Opus 2: Redemption

Opus 5: The Return

Climb outside

Step back in

Foot in—

Stretchy, gaping,

Screaming pussy.

Dive down dark

Can't fucking sleep.

Kill yourself.

Opus opus.

Blurry left eye

Weak left ear.

Stroke

Stroke

Prolly properly brain damaged

Brain ded

Kill yourself.

Opus

Opus

Fresh air burns my lungs.

Can't fucking sleep.

Cut the fuck outta my feet  
With Dave's swiss army knife.  
My toes are the farthest  
From me when I'm floating  
And socks cover gashes nice.

Can't fuckin breath  
It's hereditary  
Bum a fag bumafag  
Gotta guzzle fire  
And burn out inna nuthin.

Finality's primary  
And the pseudo-intellectual bullshit  
Is wearing pretty fuckin thin.  
Xacto knife blade flush to throat hair  
No phone calls left  
Creative endeavors permanently unfulfilled.  
Get me outta this flesh bag  
And inna the dark fast.  
Goddamn this malaise  
Let me catch fire  
And torch my corpse.  
Last will and testament:  
Burn it to crumbs  
And dust em inna the fuckin bin  
Like month old toast remnants.

Circle of fucks  
Undeserving and given  
Crawl inna my carcass  
For the warmth of it.  
Butter knife's serration  
Flat as a pancake;  
Barely slice my Achilles,  
Forget Frankenstein my fuckin forehead.

Insufficient funds  
Declined hangouts  
And bright red boiling  
Bubbled over scorched pot rice.  
Strained vocal chord  
Yammering in solitude  
To little green onlookers.

That's why when it's time for me  
It'll be inna fuckin fury  
Of cavernous depths  
The likes of which you've never seen.

Black coffee—  
Smack brick inna gam.  
Dribble lid  
Scald chap crack hand.

Thumb suck—  
Sugar ass kick.  
Faux gush  
Spewshit layiton thick.

Punk club—  
Harry-karry outside.  
Joint smoke  
Hipshit contact high.

Pot boiled  
Pustule burst at stitch.  
Red faced  
Teen boy leer at tits.

Cigarette—  
Upload worktime done.  
Canker gape  
Store nicotine gum

Phone stare—  
Beaming porno, gags.  
Misery—  
Cum-soaked satin rags.

It's 3 weeks' wait on hands  
Summer hit like burnt ozone—  
A surplus of jogs  
To a sad, stuffed face.

3 weeks to clamber  
In easy eyes—  
Or schemes to, at least.  
I'm inna the way your skin  
Hangs under your chin,  
Your hallway's whiffs of heaven.

It's 3 weeks til meetings,  
Subterranean niceties,  
Clean fridges,  
Clean showerheads—  
Nitrous  
When you walk in front doors.

It's 3 weeks stewing—  
Marathon's of calendars,  
Horseshoes,  
Salt over shoulders.

You're a dream til you shriek,  
You're a reverie  
Til cowardice envelopes me.

**MONTREAL**

The women here are gorgeous  
Red lips, tight jeans, French cheeks.  
Drink em in, drink em in.

Came to a cozy walk up  
With no pillows  
Next to the nuthouse.  
Beer gutted Frenchman  
Deep brown nipples  
And hair to his shoulders.

Walking past spiral fire escapes  
Parabolic street corners  
And sky blue window siding.  
Spew fiction to keep  
Life innaresting.  
Perfume like deja vu—  
Drink it in, drink it in.

Giant mossy puddle  
Mysterious drumbeat beyond  
The steel structure and treeline.  
Sucking up fags by the roadside  
Their ashy jism billowing  
Down the wrong channel  
Till I'm hacking.

Half naked sunbathers  
Sprawled on the grass at highway sides  
Motionless like vagrants by the sewergrates  
In the desolate city winter.

The night fell down;  
Sloshed and pissing over side streets.  
Sloppy drunk in the Metro  
Cleavage showing  
Loose fitting green sweats  
Clinging to rosy cheeks.

A stroll and a hike  
Like a gondola ride  
Gliding over concrete riviere.  
Paddle gentle at the cobblestone.

We screamed *I Don't Wanna Die* so loud  
It hurt our heads,  
Our throats gave out,  
And all the Japanese we didn't know  
Couldn't break our blazing exuberance.



My booze IV—  
Stranded at the uni  
Buzzed and broke—  
Traded the Miyazaki flick for it.

Gave a bum my last bit of cash  
Cause he parle-ed in Anglais.

Yearning from the train in  
Reconceived in the trees  
Past through a mirthful birth canal  
Headed back for the luscious womb.

# Montreal II

17

Scaled a mountain single file,  
Saw the skyline  
Sun bashing my eyes.  
Cobblestone switched to sandy  
Gravel crunching shoes  
Kneecaps busted  
Jeans shredded  
Head back on down soon.

Shy kid,  
Purple welt on his cheek.  
New face of the  
Everlasting,  
Forever failing  
Avante-garde movement.  
Student thesis:  
Images of objects  
That wanna be objects  
Not images  
Objects. Get it?  
It's a long process  
Can't explain no time  
Whatever, man  
Best of luck  
Cool anyway  
Your soft-spoken demeanor  
Is quite charming.  
Blurry vision  
Streets winding inna each other;  
Industrial construction  
Busting out at odd angles  
From downtown.  
Surrealist gallery  
Up the street—  
Heavy black lines,  
Eyeballs gouged,  
Moody squares,  
Japanese spunk snails—  
Gimme gimme chills.

Strolling round

Between gawking at asses

Starbucks shut down on me.

Touristy fountain setup,

Sun cast orange on

Glassy structures.

Power up

Chugging tobacci sticks

Like cartoon spinach cans.

The hunt for booze

Is next.

I inhaled the people  
Like substance abuse,  
Traversed the shut down street  
Beneath the mile long rainbow.  
Chowed down  
On geetar dans le laneway  
Like mes yeux had chompers.

Woke up to dehydration,  
Bloodshot eyes,  
Aching thighs,  
Sexy fever dreams by the heater.

Jovial handshake on  
Sunday mid-morning  
Joliette bound so I  
Can punish my feet by noon.

Middle a bum fuck nowhere,  
Sore thumb among dilapidation.  
This town reeks of dogshit  
Smear'd like lubricant.  
Rancid water from the bile falls  
Crashing,  
Scraggly brush  
Next to an Anarchy A.

Skin and arms burnt to fuck  
Swat flies off my ears with a ball cap,  
Manure in my nasal cavity.

Bulbous bubble bubbling  
Upon my heel.  
Socks torn apart  
Like a pack of dogs had at em,  
Gargantuan holes and tinted blue  
From winter worn shoes.

Left my busted up kicks  
Inna ditch  
Pop blisters  
With crushed concrete.

The flies follow me forever more.  
That foul stench haunts  
My sinuses from  
St. Thomas to Berthierville.  
So long, Joliette,  
Hope you wallow.

# Vagrant Jeans

Folded up my tattered  
Grey denim jeans  
Frayed gape in the thigh  
Rocks in the cuffs  
Threads fleeing from edges  
In all directions;  
A war torn population.

Eyes waver  
To grey,  
A scratchy, nauseous  
Throat cold,  
Sweat leaping and bounding  
From every pore.

Slow transition to  
Gruff muzzle,  
Layers of dead skin  
Quivering;  
Unshed snake,  
Nose sunken in  
And skeletal.

Forgot my beer in Sylvain's fridge,  
So it's not fashionable if I pass out  
By the side of the road.

The B.O went from  
Hard worker to  
Adventurer to  
Free-loader.

Stripped nude as soon as I could  
Masturbatory tendencies  
Towels to infinity  
Visibly uplifted  
By extra pillows in the drawer.

Admire torrenting paunch  
In the mirror—  
Bulge around navel,  
Bulge below,  
Bulge from sockets.

Wolf down trash  
Spill shredded lettuce  
On burgeoning breasts  
Lap up flavoured liqueur  
Cheesy crunchy something or other—  
In bed.

Nothing's gift to nothing  
Big shot from the city—  
No, not that one.  
Meetings, portfolios,  
And quinoa bread.

Climbed a mountain,  
Check me out now!  
Maybe the cute desk clerk girl  
Will fuck me.



Stretch marks torn up;  
Zipper shaped engraving  
Undone with scabby patches;  
I'm coming apart at the seams.

My toy back hole  
Raveled up my string,  
Plastic ring  
Protruding out my T-shirt.

Dark red marks  
On my plastic shoulders  
Like whiplash.  
Exhausting delirium  
With nowhere to rest my head.

Please find a place  
For my shoddy frame  
To crash.

**NYC**

Vague neon of Kodak building  
Haunts above Rochester skyline.  
Bus windows like pond waves  
Freeway lights ripple.  
The stops are too short to sleep  
So I fall to 4 AM catnaps,  
Driver quiet head banging  
Sanitary stink from the back restroom.  
Neck strain like nerve pinch  
Strike  
And shock me outta slumber.  
Everybody at the rest stop is sick—  
Saunter round empty Buffalo streets  
All bars are closed on Friday night.  
On the move and trees race me to destination  
Catnap falling and they're  
Gaining  
Gaining  
Gaining  
Awake in mountain town truck stop  
Fresh air  
And fast food for comfort.  
Scale misty landscapes;  
Camouflaged in distant, faded green.

# My Legs! My Legs!

27

Wireframe sneakers  
Slashing at achilles  
Creaky kneecaps  
Like chainlinks  
Yanking me horizontal.  
Shivering—  
Hot breath.  
Kink in calves.  
Push! Push!  
Like labour.  
Southbound.  
The women are withered;  
Crickles under eyes,  
Rivers, torrents, years  
Of hair.  
Wanderlust a double entendre.  
Coffee quiver—  
No green tea for sale.  
Sweatied leather pants  
Blistering thighs  
Sun spotlight  
Cracked glass  
Strained abdominal.  
The park benches  
Are too cold  
To sit down.

# Dread in Times Square

28

Budweiser inna pintglass:

Swanky

And easy on my pocket.

Dreading dragging

Limp

Paraplegic

Bottom half

Over border;

Inna the dark—

Deeper than the layer of spittle on Trump Tower.

# Cell Phone Snapshot of Monet's Water Lilies

29

Stretch canvas,  
Roughed up round edges,  
Gradient here to there,  
Violet like polluted sky,  
Smokey roller, off-white.  
She snapped a shot,  
[1/3 of frame]  
Pink fur coat  
[Dead rainbow pony]  
And long lost friends  
Send hugs and kisses.  
Lookitme lookitme  
Seen dat in movies  
Being here  
Sitting here  
Gazing here  
Feels like the lighting's off  
But whatdafuck do I know?

Can you wear the discomfort?  
Sex drenched,  
Daring zipper  
Glimmering in museum overheads.

Stained pantyhose,  
Legs outta jacket bottom  
Like ghost costume;  
Bell shaped cutie.

All black everything—  
Following for miles  
The same faux-ripped jeans  
Everybody owns  
From here to NYC

Palms wrinkled by lamplight  
Nowhere to visit  
NYC is brown  
And home is vibrant.

People are the same;  
Kind  
And dying.  
Faces floating on the L-Train.

Aged by greyhound  
Chewed metropolis at once  
Like a great taffy orb.



I see  
Pablo's woman's hands;  
A hundred fingers interlocking.  
Mangled tour bus heap  
Side panels creased like origami.  
Red, white, and blue  
Roller coaster curvature  
20 wheels and backward flags  
Behind eyelid lies  
Monolith;  
Stone structure like clock face  
No hands  
Triangular like city hall  
Silhouetted to oblivion  
Leering.  
I see you.

**BACK AGAIN**

It's the sound of flowers unfurling,  
Avant garde pickup lines,  
One bedroom apartments;  
Sardine strangers,  
No windows,  
Suffocating.

It's roller coaster highs  
And deep, dark pits—  
Solace in TV remotes.  
It's the pain  
From the hurt  
In brain backs  
When a wake-me-up  
Consists of AA batteries.

It's panicked breath  
On hospital bed,  
Retired catch phrases—  
Reruns—  
Couch ridden.

It's fetal deposits,  
Ribbed windows,  
Hail mary line drives,  
Dead kids,  
Knuckle dragging—  
It's a 20 minute walk  
In hundred degree heat  
Through the middle  
Of Sardonia.

# Asexual / Death Libido

35

Rob Will slashes

Leaky cock

Stuffed sinus

Kneecap pry

Joint birth

Dysfunct

Feudal

Futile

Prehensile penal colony

Mold cultures

I grow in water like dino sponges.

Nobody'll love you

Don't put my fuckin name

Next to a hotline.

Adore inbetweens  
Nose like drip;  
Rain off poplar.  
Tiny frame'll crack under girth  
Brow reverberated  
Green blades  
Incline on horizon.  
Thorax jock strap,  
Larval skim milk.  
Clamour out of cherry blossoms,  
Fig trees bleed.  
You live in skies  
And I'm on the no-fly.

# Asexual / Eyes

37

There's glares everywhere  
Eyeballs on walls  
Chestare  
Forced contact lock.  
An influx of female friends—  
Striped dress,  
Macaroni swole  
Creaking on desolate hardwood.

Mashbroke the French button;  
Necknife snap in 2.  
“Les raison--”  
Up for dickrise;  
Bun in oven--  
Ded kids  
Ded kids  
“Qui ne ressent pas--”  
Tear caught  
[Touch my yukstuff]  
Makeup quicksand  
Dirt knees  
Fuck all in North York.  
“--est distincte de l’abstinence--”  
Loving lesbians,  
Fondle aging act,  
Finger death process,  
Who wanna fuck an old man.  
Epitaph  
Eurology  
Burn box  
Libido  
Finit.

# Mangled Hand

39

Contortionist bow  
Belly knotting  
Twisted, winding,  
Inches away  
Booze bubbling.

Contortionist bow  
Eyelash flutter  
Laugh, please  
Laugh  
Chuckle even  
Sweet fuck  
My tear ducts  
Are watering.

Run fingers on six knuckle valleys  
Gaze over elevated veins  
Sight line to pinky dimples--  
Dimples look good everywhere.

Your palm's a circus  
Carousel in downpour.  
Gently caress  
Your speckled flesh  
And swallow you whole.

Contortionist bow  
Contortionist bow  
Going home.  
Mangled hand'll outlive  
Your angel glow.



# Big Hair

Incongruous,  
You and I,  
Swept up in big hair.  
Jet black volume  
Collapse on my couch,  
Kick off the heels.  
I've I Love You-ed  
In dreams, my friend.

Let's have a fling,  
You and I,  
Sailing,  
Buoyant in big hair,  
Junked up on elation.  
Reel me in,  
Murmur myths down my neck.  
You and I,  
Congruous,  
Drifting,  
Inna bed of big hair.

With snow melting,  
Salt-stained curbs  
Wrap me inna hundred arms—  
Quiet goodnights  
Stomping on heads.

Made way for heat waves  
Street mirage  
Pit stains are summer Rorschachs  
Like salt on boardwalk.  
Reveries of the dark,  
Glittering stars on eyelids,  
Slashed calves,  
And hangnails to forever.

I'm forever melting—  
And the dry skin on my cheeks  
Never recovered.



Jordan Lee-Tung walks everywhere because he is afraid of cars and motorcycles and bicycles and hot air balloons. Luckily he lives in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, and not the middle of bum fuck nowhere. He can be found in various pubs and fast food establishments across the city.

